

[**Drunk Words are Sober Thoughts**](#) by [**Gallifrey_Gallop**](#)

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Summary:

You're the girl in town that had to grow up too fast, taking care of your two younger brothers and working two jobs. One of which is cleaning the Sheriff's department offices around the one man you can't help but lust after...Chief Hopper. It all started with that stupid tongue flicking out and licking his lips when he arrested you after a bar fight (and you threw up on his shoes). What happens when he takes you out as an apology and your drunk words acknowledge your sober thoughts?

Drunk Words are Sober Thoughts

“Ah fuck.” You muttered, trying to pull your now ripped belt loop off of your door handle to the kitchen. Today had not been your day, hell not even your week. The fucking kids had been getting into shit and damn, if you didn’t want a nap. A really, really, long nap.

You sighed and just ripped the bitch off your jeans. You’d regret it later but you had to make it to the Sheriff’s Department for the part-time cleaning job you’d regrettably signed up for a little cash. Continuing to swear and mutter under your breath all the way to the car, out of the driveway and through main street, you weren’t paying attention to the speed limit until mother fuckin’ Cheif Hopper’s blazer lights and siren popped up in your rear view mirror.

Hitting the steering wheel and yelling a loud FUCK to the rear view. You reached into the center console, grabbed your license and registration and sat steaming until the bastard came up to your window. Taking his sweet time it would seem, too.

“Well, look who it is...Y/N Y/L/N, the town flirt, speeding down main street. What ever are you in a hurry for?” He grinned, leaning in your mom’s car.

“Look if this is about me getting ready to show up late to clean the department, I’m sorry but I do have two younger siblings to care for.” You gritted out, shoving the paperwork at him hoping he’d give you a warning and let you just leave.

“Y/N, come on,” he said quietly, “I’m just giving you a shake down, relax. Just slow it down, alright? I’ll see you at the station.” He sighed out, standing up. Hop rolled his eyes, walked back to his car and slammed the door getting in. You both pulled off the curb after each other and headed to the station.

About four hours later, after the ridiculous amount of stale donuts, what you think might have been chinese food at one point, and sweeping a metric ton cigarette butts had been swept and disinfected you sighed and threw the spray bottle back on the cart of cleaning supplies. You had worked up a sweat cleaning despite not having to

finish the whole place for another week. Tired, sore and hands dry, you wheeled the cart back to the janitor's closet that also needed to be reorganized.

Walking back past the reception desk, you saw the chief's light still on. Stilling, you looked at the door, partially cracked. This was a bad idea. After he threw you in the drunk tank a few weeks ago and you threw up on his shoes, you'd been steadily avoiding him. Admittedly, it's hard to admit that you have a crush on someone after you puke on their standard-issue boots. You bite your lip and groan internally before going up to knock on the door of the office.

"What?" comes a grumbled, angry reply. "I'm busy." he continues.

"Chief. It's almost midnight, you should go home." You say, pushing the door open. You lean against the frame, only for the hole from your ripped off belt loop to catch against the door hinges and rip the right butt pocket clear off your pants.

"God dammit, motherfucking shit..." you start swearing and grumbling. Hopper leans back in his chair, failing not to laugh.

"Fuck this shit, i'm going home." Barely holding in tears, face going red with shame and embarrassment you turned to go to your car, pocket hole wide open.

"Look Y/N, wait! Let me walk you to your car?" He looked at you pleadingly.

"Fine, but hurry up, i'm tired." You sigh. He flipped off the office light, locked up the station and followed you out to your car. Getting in, you throw your stuff on the passenger seat and shoved the key into the ignition, only to find that the car wouldn't start. Tears welled back into your eyes and started to spill out all over again. You felt Hopper's hands grab your arm and pull you out of the car and watched as he shut it, and locked it with the key.

"C'mon. We're getting drinks." He mutters and pushed you gently in the truck, heading off to the closest dive bar in town. "You've been avoiding me." He says, after a few turns down town. "Well, I did throw up on your shoes." You point out. "And like I said, I have a lot

going on.” You sigh and look out the window. Hopper pulls into the bar parking lot and jumps out of the SUV, looking back with a look that throws “Well come on.”

One bottle of Jack, three beers a piece and one fruity drink later, you’ve both dissolved into snorting and borderline giggles about nothing. “Okay, okay, what question are we on?” you slur to Hopper, drinking down another shot. “Nineteen? I think?” he mumbles out, smiling. You start to sober up, for just one clear moment and ask “What did I tell you that night you hauled me in?” you smile slyly. Hopper’s face fell for a moment and then smiled darkly. “You told me exactly what you wanted to do with my big, rough, hands.” He purred out. His tongue split his lips, slid over his bottom lip and back in, your eyes following the slow, enticing movement.

“Oh did I?” You breathed out, sparks of heat hitting your cheeks, neck, and abdomen. The stare he gave you was heavy. It held secrets you weren’t sure you wanted to know. “Y/N,” he growled out, and reached for your arm. You pulled back, unsure if this was just the alcohol, he did fancy a younger woman and twenty two was still plenty young. You ran to the bathroom, shooting up quickly and banging your knee on the table. Hopper followed you to the door, hitting it trying to get you to open up.

“Please, Y/N, I need you. Been wantin’ you since you told me you wanted me to take me hands and mark you, fuck you with my fingers.” Hands pressed on opposite sides of the door, both of your breathing heavy. You then find yourself opening the door, staring down Hopper as he breathes heavily.

Like a tidal wave, you two crash together, legs wrapping around Hopper’s waist, lips touching everywhere, hands grabbing his hair. You moan, and he seizes the moment to lick along your lower lip. You growl, he pulls back and grabs hair at the nape of your neck.

“Are you going to fuck me or not?” You heave and smile, his hand firmly holding your head back.

“I’m gonna do much more than that.” He grins. Hopper pushes you on the sink, the faucet pushing against the hole where your pocket is missing. He pulls your neck back, licks a long stripe of sweat and

bites down, earning a groan from you.

"You're gonna have t'be quieter than that." he grins sadistically. "Lift." he commands and pulls your jeans and underwear down, then shoves your wet panties in your mouth as a gag. Then your hips get pulled forward there's a sudden jolt of hot and wet licks up through your clit. You bite down on your underwear and try to stifle a moan. Hopper licks stripes up and down your slit, circling around your clit and sucking. You start to gush and clench against his tongue assaulting your pussy. He slips a long finger in and curls it, massaging your g-spot gently.

Your moans get louder against the make-shift gag and Hopper growls deep in his throat, lapping and fucking you with everything but what you truly want. He adds a second finger, and you shuffle closer, pressing harder against him because you need more. He fucks you harder, faster and keeps going as you shake and writhe. The pressure slowly builds as you grind against his face while he laps and grins.

"Fuck," he growls against your core and it brings you so close to your climax, almost there when he stops. "I want this pink mouth against my cock, can you do that?" He licks his wet lips, pulling his tongue through his teeth and grins. You spit out the gag-panties and smile, wobbly legs barely catching you when you slide down Hopper's legs as you unbuckle and pull his pants down. His cock falls free and you grin. Gently tugging him fully out of his pants, no underwear though you notice, you wrap a hand around his base and lick a long line down the vein under his shaft. Sucking his head into your mouth and bobbing your head up and down quickly Hopper grunts your name. He's taken aback by your boldness and confidence, the shy girl he used to know in the library of the high school long gone. He wonders where you learned to do this so well. The thought is forgotten as you give a rather hard pulse to his shaft and you swirl the flat of your tongue along the slit of his dick that's slowly been leaking precum.

"Dammit!" he nearly yells and you pull back smiling. "Can't contain yourself Jim?" You smirk and raise an eyebrow. Hopper grabs your jaw and starts to fuck your mouth. You choke at first push, but quickly pace with him and bob and suck till he growls and pulls out almost as fast as he pushed in. "Gotta condom big shot?" You choke out lightly, your throat a touch sore from Hop's cock hitting the back

of it repeatedly. He pulls a foil out of nowhere, and slides the lubricated rubber on. “You sure you ready for this?” He gruffs out quickly and you nod, turn around and face the dingy mirror hanging above the sink still slightly damp from your juices and the water that had been spilled by previous patrons Jim takes you in as he grips his cock in his right hand and pushes in lightly. You stretch, on your toes to try and meet his dick easier and moan soundlessly on to the mirror. It fogs, and you look towards Hop’s grimy reflection, blissed out and mouth open. You smile and try to push back onto him to get your point across. You aren’t a virgin, haven’t been for a long time. Hopper grins and slams into you hard the last few inches, your v-neck Def Leppard tee stretching down so your chest presses to the counter edge. “Gonna fuck you good little girl. Been so bad. Teasing me,” He thrusts hard, “Walking around with the hole in your jeans peeking that navy blue lace all damn day,” He bucks up into you, nearly lifting you off the ground, “Gonna show you what happens when you tell me how you want my hands marking you. Choking you. Bruising you.” Each ‘you’ ends with another and another thrust. You’re so wet from his earlier tongue worship and you kept your clit stimulated while he fucked your mouth. His cock is practically dripping and he can feel the drops of wetness sliding down his balls, mixing with his sweat.

You clench at every filthy thing that he says, gripping and fucking on his hard length as best as you can leverage with the little stability you have. Hop feels you struggling and slows, pulls out, and flips you over. Your upper back is now laying over the sink, almost in a strange backbend. Hopper pulls your shirt down with one cup of your bra to expose a breast and erect nipple. He laps it while grabbing your throat, slightly closing off your airway. He goes back to fucking deep and hard into you, hand around your throat and long tongue flicking over your nipple. The counter dug into your back and everything was just too much.

“Ho-Hopper, ‘m gonna-” you were cut off quickly by the pressure releasing so hot, white and intense that your body seized and gripped down on Hop’s arms, shoulder whatever your hands could reach. You squirted so hard, so wetly that Hopper was pushed to the edge after you. He shuttered, grunted and dropped his head in between you bare and covered breast. The wetness dripped between the both of

you, and the small puddle by Hopper's boot rippled as the drops fell near.

"Fuck." He breathed out. "That was...something else."

"I don't regret it. I've never done that before." You mumbled, air returning to your lungs. You let out a little laugh and put your wrist to your forehead. You both started to laugh and he pushed off of you, throwing your discarded under clothes in your general direction and discarding the condom in the trash can.

"I'll meet you out there, ey babe?" He grinned, slipping out the door. You smiled, cleaning up your nether regions with some damp paper towels and stepping out to follow.

Author's Note:

Well, here is some trashy porn with minimal plot. I'm not sorry. It all started with a David Harbour gif that involved tongue and a smirk. Here we are.

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